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Letter from Boston

OPENING AT JORDAN, MARKIL & CO.'S—NOTES OF RESCART PARISHAN COSTUMES—A MINITARE THAT ONE OF THE LOGICAL SEX MADE.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1877.

Place nor dames. This week belongs to sem. Before they went to bed on Saturday night, all the Boston women shook out their waterproofs, got their plainest gowns on convenient hooks in the closet and put robbers and umbrellas where they couldn't possibly be overlooked, and having so prepared for Monday, got themselves into a proper frame of mind for Sunday. Perhaps you wonder why this preparation was necessary. Simply because they had been bidden to an opening of French costumes and bonnets at Jordan & Marsh's to-day, and all their experience war ranted them in the belief that it would be a day for waterproofs and umbrellas. Not a mere "grey" day, such as our autumn gives us with a too lavish hand, but an uncompromisingly rainy day, when there is a steady drip, drip, from morning to night, when enter a horse car is to plunge into a Turkish bath, when everyhody and everything looks utterly miserable and even Worth's lates

reations seem a hollow mockery. All Boston went to bed in a glitter of star t was to wake up to scarching east winds and ottiless beating rain, and a general drabness of landscape, for wasn't there an opening, and wern't the Ancients and Honorables going to Hartford? Doesn't it always rain when there's an opening, and was it ever known to be sunshiny on Ancients' Field Day? The "Clerk of the Weather" has turned out a practical joker. He fooled everybody to the top of their bent, and this morning there was a gen eral awakening to mellow autumn sunshine. and air that was like wine in its exhilaration effect. The Highland Railroad incontinently and took out the open ones, which were speedily filled by gaily dressed women whose aterproofs were hung away on the farthest peg in the darkest corner of the closet, and the Ancients started for Hartford with a look of dazed bewilderment on their faces. It was plain enough that there was a mistake son

But it was a relief to look at the dainty French gowns from Worth and Pingat & Heutenaar, and loves of French bonnets from Eugenic Pariset and Caroline Reboux, by a mellow sunlight instead of by the leaden gray

of a stormy sky.

I hardly know how to commence to tell about all these French glories, marvels of workmanship from the hands of the worldacknowledged artists.

I can at the best give but a vague idea. One thing this opening did, it corroborated all that has been said regarding the modes for the winter, and fulfilled every prophecy. For evening and dinner toilettes, damasks in silk or velvet are exclusively used, in combination with plain velvet silk or satin; for carriage toilettes velvet is considered quite the thing, while for street costumes, the rough bourettes in combination with silk are most decidedly

I wonder who will be the possessor of a dinner robe I saw to-day from Madame Hen-tenaar's, of silk and brocaded velvet, and which costs the modest sum of \$600 - enough to keep some family in food and shelter for a year. It was in one of those indescribable bronze shades that look as though they had anght the coldenest sunshing in their dark folds and held it there close captive, relieved by pink and tilluel. The robe was in the Prin cesse style, one piece from throat to hem; the front was brocaded velvet, a bronze ground in which were tiny pink rosebads and tilluel green leaves; the long, square train was of shown by having one corner turned over and fastened. The side breadths were of silk, with a peculiar drapery, which was edged by a heavy chenille fringe, headed by a passe-menteric of bronze and tilluel, embroidered with crystal beads and ornamented with pink "flies," tied in at every conceivable place; ne edge of the skirt-except the train-was finished with a knife pleating of bronze, underneath which were two narrow pleatings of

And we talk of hard times! Yet somebody mys this gown and somebody else buys a remcence of Madame Pompadour in shape of a pale pink brocade from Worth, with reliefs of pale blue; an artistic gown, looking for all the world as though it had skipped out of a Watteau fan or a Dresden vase; and there is sure to be an owner found for a myrtle gree satin brocaded in tilluel and blue and finished with a wide band and fringe of beron's plunage which Jourdain & Aubrey sent over to tempt American women with,

It was a positive relief to turn from them to costume of Pingat's, most exquisite in desion, and so lady-like and wearable. It was a sabination of indigo silk and cashmere: the quare backed overskirt, slashed in a deep point in front, showing a fine kilt plenting of whole finished with a double-faced ribbon of ndigo and cardinal, the cardinal showing only at the sides, and in loops to the bows. The waist was a yoke blouse, belted at the waist. You don't know how unique it was in style nor how simply pretty. For the rest-well-we all know pretty well what it is. Silk and green, with reliefs of tilluel, cardinal, garnet, pale blue, yellow, white, everything in fact. s like fabrics make the polonaise and over dresses, and silk is employed for the skirts and trimming. That is the general idea of gowns this season and yet there is a distinction in spite of the seeming sameness; a bit of drapery there, an added loop there, a fold somewhere else, and you've no idea how the whole effect is changed. There is one thing only that is imperative: you must look perfectly straight from head to foot, and be tied back until you shall resemble a Chinese lady in your gait. "Merely this and nothing nore," that is if you are willing to take French.

ourself that pretty cottage bonnets are comng in vogue again? They are so becoming and so pretty. Mr. Gregg has always clung to them through every vicissitude of fashion, and beside the assertive "poke" and saucy ormandy could always be seen the modest Plush and satin are to the fore as ess up bonnets with gorgeous trimmings of ry of autumn with summer's splendors burned lovely costume bonnet: have a cottage or Normansly frame covered with the material of which your gown is made and trimmed with the silk which you use with it, and if you like, edge it with a band of feathers and

come in jet crystal, garnet bronze and clair-

telune or mocalight By the way, talking of beads, a daily paper sent a young man to write up the Jordan & Marsh opening. He got bewildered over the technicalities—in spite of the fact that he belonged to the logical sex—and startled his readers by discoursing about brown clair-detone. He has retired to the privacy of his own home for a few days, driven nearly fran tic by the requests of his young lady friends to show them some brown moonlight. There is an obvious moral for editors to this : trust your descriptions of fashions only to the in-

tuitive and emotional sex.

[From our Dulumerston Correspondent.] The Billerica & Bedford (Muss.) Bur-

SOME ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS. The road has been constructed from the Bedford station on the Concord line of raiload to the Lowell railroad at North Billerica a distance of eight and a half miles. Two hirds of this distance is through a country of ocky ledges, yet the number of rock cuts i very few, and only one formidable one has been encountered. The scenery along the oute is very fine. The road passes near the shores of Sylvan lake, one of the most ro State. At the Billerica station, near the commen, the accumtains of New Hampshire are Billerica the grade is easy, reaching in the steepest place 80 feet to the mile. The descent from the Summit to North Billerica, 21 miles distant, is easily made by a grade of 140 fect to the mile, until reaching the plain be low. The engines will ascend much steeper grades than any on this road, as was clearly entennial grounds at Philadelphia. That road is three miles long, has several sharp urves, and in some places has a grade of two hundred and fifty-five feet to the mile, a grade which no engine on a standard gauge car overcome, as they are now constructed. The cars on the Billerica & Bedford road are six est wide. The diameter of the car wheels is ts inches; the journals are 5 inches long and 22 inches in diameter—the same sizes as for erly used on the broad gauges. These size for such light-weight rolling stock give much greater strength and safety. Every car, passenger, freight and excursion, is fitted with the Miller platform and air-brake. Besides all this, all the cars are provided with a safety chain, so that in case the connecting hooks o he platform should by any means become un-stched, the chain would not allow the car thus disconnected to become separated from the train. As soon as the construction train in put the read in its best condition, it is in tended to have a fermal opening of the Bill-crica & Bedford railroad, when the pubc and the members of the press will have a favorable opportunity to inspect and enjoy the novelty of this diminutive but well proportioned road and equipment. p. l. m.

-From the letters of Mr. E. V. Smalley, aff correspondent of the New York Tribuns who accompanied the President upon his Southern tour, we learn that there was a good deal of talk here and there about the probability of a new party. It came from con-servative men, who have acted with the Democracy, and who think the Republican party is divided into two elements, one desirous of is divided into two elements, one desirons of blotting out sectional lines and the other seek-ing to keep alive the old animosities of the past. To them the Northern Democracy ap-pears to be a party so devoid of intelligence and principle that they begin to be ashamed of the association with it. Mr. Smalley de-scribes the Southern Democracy of to-day as having two elements which begin to jur-against each other, and, sooner or later, must fall apart. One is liberal and progressive, the other bigoted and reactionary. One seeks to bury the prepidices and passions of the to bury the propodices and passions of the past, the other one to keep them alive. One feels the glow of a renewed sentiment of ma-tionality, the other wraps itself in sectional ism and sits down amid the wreck of its hopes ism and sits down amid the wreck of its hopes and blows upon the fast expiring hatreds of the war. On several occusions the President was asked his views upon the question of a new party, but he modestly declined an an-swer for the reason that he regarded the Pres-idential office as one which should be disasso-ciated so far at least from party politics as that its occupants should refrain from seck-ing to build up new organizations and destroy old ones.

THE PRESIDENT UPON HIS "POLICY."-II The Parsitony Cros His President, in select at Cincinnati, the President, in referring to his course in the Southern States, and it was taken not because it could not be helped, but because it was wise and right. This is the true ground. The representation of such action as an experiment, in any other This is the true ground. The representation of such action as an experiment, in any other sense than all human action is an experiment is foolish. Is it supposed that, after some mouths have passed an investigation will be undertaken to ascertain whether it works intertaken to see than whether it works-coording to some unknown standard—and it bound to be working unsatisfactorily, that the roops will be restored to the Columbia and New Orleans State-Louses, and Messes. Cham-berlain and Packard replaced in their positions berlain and Packard replaced in their positions of March 4? Or is it in this sense an experi-ment, that if next year the condition of the two States is not what somebody may think it ought to be, the Republican conventions will denounce the President as Mr. Chamberlain denounced him at Woodstock? The course pursued in Louisiana and South Carolina was an experiment as all measures of government are experiments, but in no other sense. The national authority can intervense in these

ig statement has recently been made, or y bank robberies full upon special depositors In referring to this fact, and to several recen cases of such losses, the Boston Advertiser of the 27th inst. says:

"Notwithstanding these repeated warning there is hardly a bank in New England whose vaults are not combered with trunks and par-cels containing in some cases the entire wealth of their owners. There was a reason for this fire and thieves; but now that in every large city there are institutions especially devoted to the safe keeping of valuables, there is no good excuse for the heedlessness or the par-simony which prevents so many from avail-ing themselves of their protection. There are three such institutions, as our readers know, in Boston. It is, perhaps, not so gen-erally known that the vaults of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company are more extensive and more massive than those of any other institution in the country. Here for ten dollars a year or upwards, according to the follars a year or upwards, according to the room required, a safe can be hired where a man's property will be absolutely secure."

"The effects of the President's policy are already manifest. Confidence in business circles has been restored. The different sec-tions of the country are no longer divided by political issues. Wherever President Hayes has gone he has found the best of temper and you like, edge it with a band of feathers and finish with an algrette high on the left side; then you'll have as pretty a bonnet as you will wish to see, and as stylish a one as you can wish, for these same cloth bonnets are taking the place of felts for costume wear. Beads of every description are used on bonnets as well as on gowns and garments; they

Miscellany.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

The golden ear peeps through the hunk, The Inded tassels dryly rusile, to, bo, boys, ho! Prom more till dunk, We'll at it than with shouf and bustle! So, ho, boys, ho! Now for the tunsile! the lively work, we'll weather it, The rigened certs, we'll gather it,— Ho, beys, ho! We'll gather it.

Autumn Leaves.

Now maple frees their scarled hanners show;
And youder initiaties, covered over with wood,
Has here and there a tings of crimson blood.
From bounding sims bright golden banners flow;
The chestnuts by the road a sober row
Of brown caps stand, where bowery greenness stood
All through the summer; and a sombre hood
Crowns the great cak. Where the round apples grow
Toperfeet globes of fragrant fart or sweet.
Crimp, roused leaves hang down from boughts of gray
And the wild lay on the fences gleams
It radiant splendor; and where wildows meet
Above the brooks, a shining silver spray
Amid their leaves reflects the sum's bright beams.

Thomas N. Collier.

New gently falls the fading light, The autumn's smeet ved, While doxly grows the wavering flight of whip-poor-will and qual. The grain is bound, the nats are brown On every weeded hill, the down, And slivered on the pill.

The partridge drams; the ployer's call Safutes the sportsman's ear,
And Just above the water-fall
The fisher sets his weir.
The reddened leaves with withered sings
sweep lightly to the sof,
And Antum walks the land and sings,
With rostling sandals shod.
Services

In Harvest-Time. From the reddening forest Drop the yellow leaves; Sturdy respers meerily Are hinding up the sheaves

Yonder goes the laden wain, Rumbling on its way, Shaking like a jovial tost. That makes his toil a play.

Strings of birds are wingin. Their way across the say; And on the upland spaces. The colors glow and die,

The mists are on the distance But like a polished shield, But by a thousand lances, Lies one unsickled field.

Along the wayside and up the hills The golden red flames in the sun The blue-syed geatin mode good-by To the wad little brooks that run: And so Summer's done, said I, Summer's done;

Summer's Done.

In yellowing woods the classinut drops; The squired gets galore. Though oright-eyed lads and little maids Rob him of half his store; And so Summer's o'er, said I, Summer's o'er, said I.

The maple in the swainp begins To flaunt in gold and red. And in the clut the fire-birds next Swings empty overhead; And so Summer's dead, said I, Summer's dead,

The barberry hungs her jewels out And quards them with a thorn; The merry farmer boys cut down The peer old dried-up corn; And so Summer's gone, said i, Summer's gone: The swallows and the hobolinks

A sunderful clory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has span;
But for all that, Sunmer's done, said I,
Sunmer's done! The Tr.

REX MACARTHY.

"It isn't in your belt a' the keys o' the coun-tryside hang, Jim Banks.—And maybe, strang-er, if you'd feel to stop and ask the overman, it's a different answer you'd get."

The speaker was one of a group of yawn-ing, pule-faced pitmen standing at the Low-ther shaft; and the "stranger" was a tall, good-looking fellow in collier's clothes, who had just asked Jim Banks if he "could get a job in the mine," and been curily told, "No, he couldn't,"

Just then a grout, sinewy form, with a

ord he'll give you, anyway."

The stranger nodded and smiled, and, with

an you give me one?"
"What's your name, friend?"
"Bex Macarthy."

What can yo do?"
I could be a herre."
In high seams?"

Are yo' ready now, man?"

"Now,"
"Then down yo' go,"
And in the swinging, banging, bounding backet down Rev went—down through a thousand fest of darkness. Bowles's practised eye watched his descent. "You chap's no eye watched his descent. "You chap's no pitman. The basket were as new to him as it were to ne forty years ago." All the more, however, he admired the pluck and address with which Rex had taken his turn; and, if "no pitman," he wielded the pick-axe like a giant. Before night Bowles was well aware that he had made a good bargain. Just before the hour for 'loosing' he sought out the little fellow whose friendly words had encouraged Rex to speak to him in the morning. He found him in a corner full of floating coaldust, barely lit by three or four condles stack in bits of clay. He was lying on his back, nearly naked, and with a small pick working away at the seam a couple of feet above him. away at the seam a couple of feet above him.
"Will Hewitt!" The man turned his glimmering eyes toward

the overman.

"There's a chap int' pit to-day, a raw hand,
I'm thinking: m'appen yo' could do for him.
Phaebe's a tidy wench, and a kind one, too.
I'd be loath for him to come to ill folk."

"If mises likes, I'm none again' it."

Just then a long, shrill, resonant cry cam
rom the top of the shaft, "Loose! 1-o-o-s-e 1-o-o-s-e: "It was taken up by the men be-low, and rung from gallery to gallery and from mouth to mouth, until the men and boys in the remotest recesses had heard the wel-

me sound. ome sount.

Bowles's suspicions were strengthened by
the fact that Kex did not understand this
node of dismissal. He had to go to him and

"There's no clocks nor bells here, my lad from will rewait waiting for min; and after a few words together, the two went toward the pit-village. No village could have been uglier or more depressing than these long rows of brick cabius in their desolate dirti-ness. The black ground, the black gutters, the patches of blackened grass, the black, weary men, and the still blacker and wearier children transfer betweened in more said in children trapsing homeward, oppressed him frightfully. A vision that would not be put away intensified by contrast, this dreadful picture—a vision of a great white home set in sweet old garden ways, and guarded by stead-fast hills lifting bare heads to the blue skies

scarcely heard the occasional sentences with which Hewitt tried to interest him. Yet they cost Hewitt some effort of courtesy and self-denial; for men who have been hewing coal all day in desolate cramped corners are usual-ly silent men until their bath and dinner have estored them to themselves.
Still, amid all his preoccupation and weari-

ble dwellings. It had even a little gardenplat in front, where, in spite of the coally atmosphere, some primroses and pansies were
blooming. The door-stone was pipe-clayed,
and a white-muslin curtain hung behind a
turilliant show of geraniams in the window.

Hewitt may be excused the pride with which
he opened the door and ushered the stranger
into his home. Colliers all have large fires,
but Will's glowed over a hearth as white as
snow. Colliers generally indulge in furniture
far above their station, but Will's malogany
bedstead and chest of drawers and eight-day
clock were spathessly bright and clean. Strips
of gay carpet made the scoured floor look pietersaune. Showy china, bright tins and
brasses, patched quilt and cushions, and a perfect luxury of spotless pillows, gave to the

brasses, patched quilt and cushious, and a perfect luxury of spotless pillows, gave to the small syarment a kind of bright and homely be auty to which no heart could be insensible. Not the least pleasant feature in this picture was a little, rosy, smiling, dumpling of a woman setting a round table before the cozy hearthstone. It was not lawful or usual for Will to enter by the front-door when he came home from the pit, and any wife might justly have got a little cross at two such dirty intruders. But Phobe only made them stand still while she run for a strip of sucking for them to walk on.

"It's to the back kitchen an' the wead-tubs you'll go first, my lads!" she said; but she

"It's to the back kitchen an' the wash-tubs you'll go first, my lads!" she said; but she shook her head at Will, and nodded and smiled at Rex. in a way that made both men feel as if life night be a possibility—nay, even a good thing, in spite of all. An hour afterward, when they had become white men again, when they had draink a pot of strong tea, and eaten between them a joint of meat and a pan of browned potatoes, Will was quite sure of it. He draw his arm-chair to the chimney corner, lighted his rine, and watched Pheebe "tidy. lighted his pape, and watched Phobe "ridy-ing up," with a full sense of content. Life can be complete in very small measures, and Will's cup was full.

Happily, Rex and he had a hobby in com-

Happily, Rex and he had a holby in common; both were fond of music. Will got out his violin, played a few dolorous tunes, and then, with an air of intense satisfaction, handed it to Rex. Rex took it at first reluctantly, but, after a few bars, the mighty passion mastered him, and he played and played until, in his own enthusiasm, he did not notice that Phoche was crying softly to herself, and Will, with a hand on each knee, was watching him with the same soft, charmed expression that a lashy song to sleep wears.

After that Rex did as he pleased with Phoshe and Will Hewitt.

"He's no' just a common lad," said Phoshe, a few weeks after, to one of her cronies, "He'll inver let me lift a heavy weight or do a hard job if he's round; an," as for music and flowers, he's just extraor'mar! If he'd nobbut go to chapel he'd be a had in a thomsand."

Perferance.

but go to chapel he'd be a had in a thousand."

Perhaps among the pitmen he was scarcely so well understood: yet a good deal of what they called his "quality-ways" were forgiven for the sake of his unfailing kindness to the "life labs." who spent their wretched youth, harnessed with ropes and cut by cords, dragging heavy cool-baskets out of scams so low that howes could not be used. No one struck the weary children, if they fell asleep or gave out, in Kex's presence: for he had a habit of striking back for the children, and people who felt Rex's hand once never cared about feeling it again. He had days of sulking, too, when he ate his hunk of bread-and-bacon at noon in the great cost-hall, where the men gathered.

the again. He had days of suiting too, when he ate his hurk of bread-and-bacon at noon in the great cost-ball, where the men gathered, without a word or smile. But then, when he did choose to join in a game of bowls or quoits, or to fiddle to their rude and noisy dancing, he was the very king of good fellows.

One evening, when he had been working several months in the Lowther Pit, he came home in unusually low spirits. It was harvest-time, and all day long in the dreary darkness he had been unable to forget the windy wheat and the happy laborers in the yellow meadow-lands. He heard Phosbe laughing and talking in the front-room, and, supposing there was company, he almost mechanically took more than usual pains with his appearance. Very glad was he of it when he "went forward," for at the samp window beside the white muslin, and the scarlet geraniums sat a very pretty girl.

"This is Bessie—my little Bessie," said the proad mother; and Rex looked and wondered, and wondered and looked. For Bessie was like none of the colliers' daughters he had ever seen. She was prettily clad in blue muslin, and the dress, folded carefully back, showed a snowy petticout and stockings, and neat little low shoes tied with bows of black ribbon.

Rex knew something of Bessle. Over and ver again he had heard of the "well-to-do ant, under-housekeeper of Lowther Castle," grouph whose influence Bessle had been taken into my lady's nursery. How it was be could not tell, but the moment Bessie looked

hell into one fragrant with ripe wheat and dropping apples; and by and by they were among the beeches and lawns of Lowther

the soft little hand a moment in his. If he had kissed her, too, it would have been nothing out of the way. Collier customs would have quite permitted the freedom, but it never entered Rex's mind to take it.

or entered Rev's mind to take it.

Next morning Rex was in one of his darkest moods. The weather had suddenly changed; it was cold and wet, and Will declared he was too sick to go work. Rex went alone to the pit-mouth, and stood for shelter under the blackened sheds till the banksmen were ready to sand them flows. Every one second crossblackened sheds till the banksmen were ready to send them down. Every one seemed cross, and many were complaining to the wasteman of "bad air" in the pit. Suddenly a pompous little man in the dress of a constable appeared among them, and in an authoritative voice asked for one David Hartly. A rapid move-ment of the men put Dave in the background, and his fellows, with anything but a civil re-mark, said, "Dave was down-pit." Nothing

mark, said, "Dave was down-pit." Nothing daunted the man of law demanded to be let down in search of him. "Put him down, an' be danged to him!" said several men, in tones which might have darmed any prodent man.

Rex approached the officer. "You'll be a Rex approached the officer. "You'll be a ise man to stay above-ground, sir." "In no coward, by George! It's my duty o secure David Hardy, and I'll do it if I go

"I've warned you. Do as you like." m'appen the viewers knew; it was none of his

"Till go dawn with the gentleman," said Rex, seizing the rope, and down they went togother. When they got to the bottom of the shaft, Rex said: "If you have had enough of this, sir. Fil see you to the top again. You'd better go back."

"No, by George! I'll have my man."

"Very well; younder is one of the viewers. I must go to my seam."

Rex thought no more of the constable until noon. Then, in the great hall when the men gathered, he heard them flavoring their bread and bacon with rude jokes about him. Dave Hartly was merriest of all; whatever trouble

there had been was evidently settled. Hex was thinking of very different things. When he went home, Will was worse; he had a high fever, and Phebe said she "felt raytherly bad-dish." Before midnight Rex was walking in-to Whitehaven for a ductor; Will was delirito Whitehaven for a doctor; Will was delirious and Ihoobe very ill.

Next day he did not leave Will. Just before five o'clock the man in his delirium said something about the pit and a constable. It was as if some one had struck Rex.

"What do you say, Will?" he asked; and the sick man muttered in a kind of horror:

"The rats! The rats! He'll no fight 'em much leave."

auch longer!"

Rex seized his leather cap and ran to the ness, Rex was glad to see that Hewitt left the most squalid cottages behind them, and approached one of the very cleanest and most inviting of a row of larger and more respectativiting of a row of larger and more respectativities.

Rex got the same answer from every pitman he saw, sometimes joined with anything but kindly sentiments. He went back to the

"Gone home for his dinner," Rex followed him. It was not easy to alarm Bowles.
"The constable," he said, "was sure to come up first chance; half an hour would show him he'd lose himself a heap quicker'n he find Dave Hartily—specially if Dave didn't want to be found."
"But no one saw him come up, and Will Hewitt said some grewsome words about

him."
"Will Hewitt's out o' his head; but, if yo'
really think the fellow is down-pit all this
time, I'll go down wi' yo'! John Bowles isn't
the chap to see his worst enemy die i' a coal-

The overmen's questioning received more attention. A few minutes sufficed to alarm Rowles. He put a flask of brandy in his pocket, saw his Davy lamps were in perfect order, and, examining thoroughly his map of the mine, went down with Rex.

They went first to the great hall, and Bowles left there a light and map.

"Every twenty minutes, Rex, yo'll come back here—all the seams run fro' this place—yo'll take that side. I'll take this; ift' chap's int' pit, we'll find him 'fore long."

They came back once, and separated again; then, before Rex had finished his second exploration. Bowles heard his voice frantically

then, before Rex had finished his second ex-ploration, Bowles hearth his voice frantically calling for help. In a few moments they ran against each other.

"Bowles! Bowles! Your brandy flask!— the man is on his face in Patrick's old seam— and, great heavens! Will is right—there are more rats round him and over him than you can count!"

Bowles pushed Rex aside and ran first. He knew every turn of the pit as a policeman knows his beat; and when Rex arrived he had knows his locat; and when hex arrived he had raised the man and was trying to pour brandy down his threat. From every crainy and dim recess gleamed the half-sagacious eyes of the cruel pit-rat, bold with hunger and num-hers, and scarcely to be driven away, even by

blows.

"He's gotten his death, I'm feared."

They carried him quickly to the hall, and laid him down as tenderly as if he had been a sick child. Then Rex uttered a cry of horror. It was evident the last act of the unfortunate creature had been to turn on his face, in order to protect it, when he had no longer strength to fight his accumulating force.

See here Bowles! - and here! - and here!

"Easy, my chap—easy; he's much to blame himself. Anybody living near coal-pits knows that it's a dangerous gate to tak' yo're own way in a mine. I was all o' two years learn-ing th' old an' new seams—why, there's nigh on forty miles o' passages if yo'll put'em all touther."

It was nearly dark when Rex solemnly took his way home. The thought of what he had left under the sheds made him not only sorleft under the sheds made him not only ser-rowful, but angry; and the groups of pit-boys playing in the black streets, or fighting out with knotty fists some underground quar-rel, added to his anger. He soon came to the village ale-house. Upon the patch of black-ened grass in front of it a group of colliers at, each one with his favorite bull-dog be-tween his legs. They were bragging of their prowess, and taking bets upon next Saturday's fields.

fights.

Rex strode in among them like an accusing spirit. "Dave Hartly, you man that came to seek you yesterday morning is dead. John Bowles and I found him in Patrick's old corner. The rats had begun to eat him?"

"The poor rats! Hunger mann be a fearful thing if it gars them eat a constable!"

"You are as big a brute as your dog. Dave. You'd better never speak to me apain."

"Fil set my dog on thee, thou proud tyke, if thou talks to me that gate."

Rex raised his hand, dropped it, and walked

if thou talks to me that gate."

Rex raised his hand, dropped it, and walked rapidly away.

The news made small impression upon the group. "Twere only a constable." Constables were the natural enemies of colliers. If the man social go down-pit, it was none of their business to hinder him; none of them had orders to leave their work and conduct him about the dangerous underground city.

They had no fear of unnishment until the lay. and the dress, folded carefully back, showed a snowy petitional and stockings, and near little law shows the dwift bows of black ribbon. There were a real law return also the fault; and the coroner's verdict of appearance sween, indeed that the coroner's verdict of appearance sween, modest, and refined.

Rex knew something of Bessie. Over and over again be had heard of the 'well-to-do annt, under-house-keeper of Lowther Castle,' less of the color of the color of the well-to-do annt, under-house-keeper of Lowther Castle,' less of the color of the

But when Saturday came most of the menhad something close to think of than bull-dogs
and bets. The fever had spread like a plague.
Scarcely a cottage had escaped. Strange hands
were working the pit, and Rex and those still
well had enough to do to give the barest attention to the dead and dying. Rex secued
to know neither fatigue nor end of resources.
He went from house to house, controlling the
raving men, helping the women nursing the
children. By some persuasion he got doctors, a little distance of the infected village. In short, he was the luman arm on which two hundred families leaned.

hundred families leaned.

This did not seem a good time for the growth of love; and yet in the short, solemn meetings he and Bessie had at Lowther stile—when he took her news of her parents, dried her tears and comforted her with growing hopes—love found all the food it needed. Bessie heaves year dear to Res, and Rey to Bessie heaves year dear to Res, and Rey to Bessie heaves year.

work. How he had lived for three months without it, he could not tell, and Rex would not suffer him to ask. One evening Phoche was slowly "tydying up," and Will and Rex sat looking into the fire; all of them were silent and thoughtful. Presently Will took a queer-looking white paper out of his Bitde. It was divided into squares, each square containing a little figure; and was a plan of the Methodist services in the Whitehaven Circuit.

"Mr. Huddlieston's going to preach to-night, wife: I'd fain go."

wife; I'd fain go."
"Thou can't go, Will."
Will looked at the paper longingly, and fold-

wit stoked at the paper longingly, and tolded it back with a sigh.
"Til go with you, Will."
"But Rex thou dunnot like Methodys."
"No, but I like thee, Will; and if thy heart is set on going. I'll see there safe there and home." home."
So Will and Rex walked to the little ugly brick room called a "chapel;" and then, after all, Rex went in too—for he wanted to think, and the congregation would likely trouble him less than Pheebe. He heard the singing, and felt a kind of race in contrasting the weak

felt a kind of pang in contrasting the weak notes with the hearty shouts at which he had often laughed three months ago. But, beyonds this fact, he noticed nothing until the preach-"Friends! You have all heard of Billy Daw-"Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes!" from

voices in all parts of the room.
"What of him?" 'He can throw any wrastler in Cumber-

land!"

"He's got the best bull-dogs in the county!"

"And the gamest cocks."

"He's coming to preach to you next Sunday night: he is one of yourselves; treat him fairly, lads, and hear what he has got to tell you. It is true that he has got no 'call' from the conference, but that he has had one from heaven I think none of you will deny."

To Will this news was wonderful; he could think of nothing else, and was in his weakness as impatient as a child for Sunday to come. Rex, too, was not devoid of curiosity. Billy Dawson, as a boxer, wrestler and sportingman, had been, he knew, a kind of authority on such subjects, even with men far above

the subject with the assurance that "he had

He heard but little of the sermon, though He heard but little of the sermon, though the sobs and ejaculations around him testified as to its power, until the preacher, in telling the story of his own conversion, said: "Just beyont Workington I met a young chap as seemed inclined to be friendly-like. The road were lonely, an Pd maught again crack, spec-ial" as he knew about dogs, all game-birds, an' wrastling. He were a handsome, free-spoken lad, an' when we came to Martha Dian's pub-lic, he said: 'We've all o' three miles to walk yet; let us have a warm bite, and I'll pay the lawing."

wing."

Here Rex looked intently at the preacher, Here Rex looked intently at the preacher, and then dropped his head again.
"Well lads, we had some steak an' brandy. The steak did me good, the brandy put the devil in me. When we went on again I were full o' my brag, an' soon shifted talk from games to game. I boasted o' my poaching, an' told wi' many a jeer o' the quality I 'took my rights from.' I noticed the lad got silent, an' when he did speak he said; 'Yo're a ripe rascal: If we hadn't eat out th' same dish I'd thrash yo' well, an' then send yo' to Botany Bay."

Bay, ***
Again Rex looked queerly up, and became

Again Mex looked queerly up, and became very excited and restless.

"Then I were mad as mad, an' I said, 'Til gie yo' a throw as 'ull settle yo' my lad, an' then I'm going straight to Levens's Woods. That silly young squire an' his viven o' a moth-er have kept me pretty well in hares an' pheasants for three years—an' be danged to

"Then I knew naught more—the lad must have felled me at once. Three weeks after-ward I came to my senses in the Methody preacher's house. I were in his bed, an' his wife an' he were nursing me. I'dhad a fever, an' been to the gates o' death an' hell. Well, I'd better commany coming heak from them. I'd better company coming back from them, than I had going there—an' so I'm a saved man; thanks be to God an' the preacher, an' the lad who felled me—whoever he be!" Rex stood up, and sat down, and then stood

p again;
"Billy Dawson," he said, "I'm the lad that "Billy Dawson," he said, "I'm the lad that felled you. I am Squire Wrexham Levens, of Levens's Park; and by your mouth to-night the heaviest burden has been lifted from me that ever man bore. I thought I had killed you, and I went home and told my mother what I had done. She is a wise woman, and she said: 'Rex, go to the Lowther Pit; if the man is dead, and you were recognized as his last companion, I shall—Nonsense! you are in France, and no one will look for Levens of Levens in a pitman's village and dress.' There I have waited ever since, partly because it was too soon to show myself, and partly because I hoped I was in some degree atoning for the

too soon to show myself, and partly because I hoped I was in some degree atoning for the knock-down I gave you, by the help I have been able to render these poor souls in their great calamity."

'Well, Levens, I forgive yo' wi' all my heart for the knock-down I gotten fro' yo'. It raised me up, un' made a man of me."

Rex walked up to him, and with a frank smile offered his hand, which was promptly and cordially shaken amid the outspoken sym-

and cordially shaken amid the outspoken sym-pathy of all present.

"Pit-boys are no fools," said. Jim Banks, as he walked home amid a crowd of them, "an' yo'll all mind now, that at the very first we nicknamed him "Gentleman Rex!".

The next day, Madame Levens, sitting think-ing of her son, and devising means to bring home her banished, was amazed to see him walk into the house in his proper clothing and his old loyal spirits. ud cordially shaken amid the outspoken sym-

waik into the noise in ins proper ciotaing and his old jovial spirits.

"It has turned out better than I expected, Rex," she said, when he had told her all; "now let us hear no more about it."

But that was just the thing impossible for Rex. That nine months in the Lowther Pit was intended to color and form his future life. and he was far too conscientions to avoid it.

In the first place Will and Phoebe were removed to a lovely country cottage, where Will
grew pansies and played dolorous, times, and

gow panses and payed nonrous times, and ied a class-meeting to the end of his innocent life. There Bessle had teachers and dress-makers, and when, at the end of two years, topon the Consta-fessed that there had never been a fairer Li-

Mr. Ruskin rises early, and writes for the over, he retires to his study to answer numer-ous letters or complete some piece of unfin-ished work, or will go out on to the hill, per-haps, and make a delicately-finished study of rock and gross for the engraver's hand to copy. Between one and six o'clock the tourist in the lakes may see a slight figure dressed in a gray frock-coat (which the people round, ignorant of Assot believe unique) and wearing the of Ascot, believe unique) and wearing the bright blue tie so familiar to audiences at Oxford and elsewhere, walking about the quiet lanes, sitting down by the harbor's side, or rowing on the water. The back is somewhat bent, the light-brown hair straight and long, the whiskers scarcely showing signs of eight and fifty summers numbered, and the specta-tor need not be surprised at the determined energy with which a boat is brought to shore or pushed out into the lake.

Sometimes a friend breaks in on this peace-

hopes—love found all the food it needed. Bessie became very dear to Rex, and Rex to Bessie 2 and, though no promise had been asked or given, they knew very well that they belonged to each other forever.

But time and the hour run through the hardest days. The fever died at last, and those who had escaped from its clutches were beginning to creep into the winter saushine again. Will Hewitt was talking of going to work. How he had lived for three months without it, he could not tell, and Rex would not suffer him to ask. One evening Phoebew was slowly "tydying up," and Will and Rex Turner; till, ascending higher, an admiring colors and fleecy clouds, the uter rightness or Turner; till, ascending higher, an admiring eye must be cast on a bit of rough ground red with heather, which, lying just beyond the boundaries of Brantwood, the Professor laughingly calls his "Naboth's vineyard."

The readers of "Fors Clavigera" find much said by its author against the world; but Mr. Ruskin shows in his private life no lack of capacity or inclination to enjoy the world; he can enjoy it, and, better still, makes others en-joy it. His sensitive nature is singularly af-fected by changes of weather, and a bright day makes him as joyful as a dull one makes him sad. But courtesy and kindness to those around him are characteristics he never losse; sincerity is a fault of which he is thorough

THE REAL CONDITION OF ALASKA, about

enue steamer Thomas Corwin, who has just returned from there. During August and September he journeyed 500 miles through various tribes, who are sober, friendly to whites, engaged in hunting, curing fish and trading. Intercourse has increased their wants, cannot read the control of the contr deprayity are common. The government buildings had not been kept in scrupulous care, and provisions must be made against the lawlessness of traders and natives in pilfering from them. Some civil head of the place from them. Some civil head of the place seems necessary for its peace and order. At Wrangel the mines are worked vigorously, there being no particular disorder there. In-dians bring in liquor, and the traffic can hard-ly be checked as things are now. Capt. White reports the finding of abundant gold on streams of the mainland. The local fish-eries, he thinks, warrant surveys, and the protection of a government steamer. Van-couver's charts of 1792, with some corrections by the Russians, are the latest in use. by the Russians, are the latest in use

NO. 41.

The youngest convict in the Kentucky nitentiary is there for murder.

The Belgian census just taken, shows the pulation of the country to be 5,336,185.

-About 700 buildings are going up in the ned district of St. John, 390 of them being

—The Paris Exposition of 1878 is to cost \$5,000,000. The original calculation was about \$7,000,000.

"Nearly half the whole population of Kingston, N. Y. have signed the pledge, the number so far being 8422, and daily increas-

The tobacco furnished the prisoners in the county jail at Pottsville, Penn., last year, cost \$426; the whisky \$42, and the milk

—The Montreal Witness says that a physician in that city is restoring the faculties of an idiotic child by lifting depressed portions of the Avail. ita akull.

—Gen. Grant received an address at Strat-ford-on-Avan enclosed in a box made from the wood of Shaker-peare's famous mulberry

carriage manufactory on its own soil, the ma-chinery for which is now being made at the Pacific iron works in Bridgeport, Ct. -Baron Edmund Rothschild of Paris, so

of the late Baron James, and his cousin Adele of the German branch have been married and begin life with a cool \$20,000,000.

—A California religious paper reports that every person on board the ship Friedlander, Capt. Morrison, was converted on its recent voyage to San Francisco. A man who recently emigrated from this country to Australia writes back that Amer-icans had better stay at home, as there are plenty of idle people there now.

-One of the annoyances of gathering Au-tunen leaves in Missouri is the fact that all the best trees are in daily use to cure men of the habit of horse stealing.

—Boston pays \$1,211,797 annually in sal-aries to teachers of its public schools. It has 50.819 papils, and the average per cent. of attendance is asserted to be 22.8. —Common Texas item: Dudley Hansford was langed by a mob of 40 men this morning near his home, two miles from Perry, in this county. Too much cattle.

- Experiments in a mine in Cornwall, Eng., with the telephone, point to the probability of its being employed in conveying signals from deep mines to the surface. A constable at Washington, Conn., was

—A constable at Washington, Conn., was fatally shot last week by a tramp. The con-stable's dog then took an interest in the affair, and springing upon Mr. Tramp, he held him until help arrived. -Forty California families who went to the Argentine Republic. South America, eleven years ago, and formed a colony, have started back for Texas, with about half the means they had when they left California.

There was a cloud-burst of mammoth proportions near Los Angeles in Southern California recently, and the water from it submerged seven miles of railway, besides sweeping away several culverts and 400 feet of recent

—The Congo River, at its mouth, is from two to four English miles wide and 1000 feet deep. It forms an estuary, and not a delta, as deep. It forms an estuary, and not a deita, as it passes into the sea, and its waters are fresh seven miles from the shore. It is one of the five great rivers of the world.

—A dispatch from Victoria, Vancouver's island, tells of an Indian woman recently seized, while bathing, by an octopus or devil fish, and drowned. The body was discovered next day lying at the bottom of the bay in the creature's creat.

next day lying at the bottom of the bay in the creature's grasp.

The tramp nuisance has reached such an extent in Illinois and Iowa that many of the out-of-the way farmers are selling out for what they can get and coming East. The fellows travel in marauding bands, and in the rural districts the people do not feel safe night or day.

-A letter of Gen. R. E. Lee, dated Feb

19, 1861, and written to a friend in Texas, is published for the first time, in which he re-marks on the action of the Texas Convention in passing a secession ordinance, that "I am unable to see a single good that will result from the step." -San Francisco has the first and the only endless wire-rope street railways. The cars stop and start easily, and run more rapidly than horse-cars. In eastern cities the frost and snow of winter would render them useless,

but in San Francisco they promise to entirely supersede horse-cars. supersede horse-cars.

Russian paper money has become so depreciated that 35 paper roubles are worth only
one silver rouble, and this almost at the beginning of the war. This is much worse than
our currency was at the time of greatest depression, in 1864, the fourth year of the rebellion, when the price of gold touched 285.

Resumption of specie payments has begun in Memphis, Tenm. The banks of that

city refused a few days ago to pay a premium for gold in small pieces sent from the interior of the State to the city, and treasury notes (greenbacks), dollar for dollar, were offered for the gold and accepted. —The war correspondent of the London News says that at the battle near Kazelevo, where the Russians were defeated, "a Ruscian officer, who was observed gall

suried where she fell. buried where she fell.

—The first patent in the United States was issued to Samuel Hopkins, July 14, 1790, "for making pot and pearl ashes." Up to 1836, forty-six years, 10,301 patents were issued, and up to date over 195,000. The annual number of patents granted is about 14,000. The annual receipts are about \$800,000, and the extenditures \$600,000.

the expenditures \$660,000.

—Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has wearied in waiting for New Orleans to accept her offer to compromise her claims, and has brought her first suit against the city in her offerts to relegal rights. The property said for is a part of what is known as the Blane plantation, and was sold by the city to Felix Formento on the 29th of September, 1837, for \$5250. Prince Bismark was recently entertained a military friend, by whom he was tree

by a military friend, by whom he was treated to an elaborate disquisition on the deeds,
errors, and chances of the Russian and Turkish armies. Bismark listened quietly, but expressed no opinion on the matter, till his
friend asked him plainly what he thought
about them. The Prince replied, laconically,
"T think that each army is just getting the
thrashing it deserves."

Edward Ecoleston one of our encounter. - Edward Eggleston, one of our on-coming novelists, is a native of Vevay, Indiana. At nineteen he became a Methodist preacher, and rode circuit. After editing juvenile and other papers he came East, worked a year on the Independent, edited Hearth and Home a year, and retired to write novels. He is now forty, preaches in the Church of the Holy Endeavor, in Brooklyn, and has an immense Sunday

school.

At a recent meeting of old settlers in Lawrence, Kansas, a few days ago, Eli Thayer of Worcestor, in giving some reminiscences of the settlement of the State, said: "I held a meeting in New York city, and urged with all the power I could the needs of Kansas. At this close of the address a young man arose and said that he was anxious to do something toward the abolition of slavery. He thought my scheme a practical one and would give \$1000. Through his influence I succeeded in raising \$30,000 in three weeks. His name is one that no culogy of mine can brighten, and no one's calumny can sully. It was William M. Evarts."